
THE
Spiritual Minor,
A
COMEDY.

[Price One Shilling.]



THE
SPIRITUAL MINOR,
A
COMEDY.

Populus me sibilat, et mihi plaudo
Ipse domi simulac nummos contemplor in arca.

HOR.



LONDON:

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1760

THE
SPIRITUAL MINOR,

C O M E D Y.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. COLE.

O Luck! how given to scandal is the age!
Must poor old Cole be brought upon the stage?
I'm bound unto regeneration's port,
Yet wicked players make me public sport.
With fear and trembling I work out salvation,
And think a playhouse an abomination;
All jests prophane I hate, all impious wit,
Cole never in the scorner's chair does sit.
Yet my good name vile mimics strive to blast,
And odious imputations on me cast.
E'en pious Dr. Squintum can't escape 'em!
Good men can't preach but wicked men must ape 'em.
Who steals my purse, steals trash, I'm not in need,
But who defames me makes me poor indeed.
This sin will bring a curse upon the nation:
What's man or woman without reputation?
And then, to jest with terms of holy writ:
'Tis shocking—such prophane, such wicked wit,
Will judgment draw on gall'ry, box, and pit. }
Therefore repent, to heaven for grace apply:
You now may laugh, another time you'll cry.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Dr. SQUINTUM.

SAY what they will, I'll preach—lift, lift, oh lift!
I'll prove you every one a methodist.
In playhouses you listen fast enough,
And give attention to blasphemous stuff.
At church you sleep, or else what there you hear
Goes in at one and out at t'other ear.
Did you the scriptures inwardly digest,
You'd all stand forth mere methodists confess.
The public laughs at me, I'll stand it all,
Against the righteous let the impious brawl,
I'll preach till dooms-day—for I have a call. }
Let play-houses with crowds each night be cram'd,
All that go there will certainly be damn'd:
So let them laugh, I'll bear the fat'rist's lash;
For this one day in hell their teeth they'll gnash.
Repentance then will prove quite unavailing,
They then will clap 'midst weeping and 'midst
wailing:
So, my dear hearers, ere you leave the earth,
Renounce the stage, and pray for the new birth.

Document 1000

MEMORANDUM

FOR THE RECORD

TO THE PRESIDENT

FROM THE SECRETARY

SUBJECT: [illegible]

Reference is made to the

letter of the [illegible]

W O M E N

[illegible]

[illegible]

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Mr. RAKISH.

Mr. SCREAMWELL.

SCRUPLE, *a Tobacconist.*

CHEATWELL, *a Grocer.*

FEEBLE, *a Haberdasher.*

W O M E N.

Mrs. COLE.

Miss OGLE.



Spiritual Minor.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mr. SQUINTUM, Mrs. COLE.

Mrs. COLE.



ORD, Mr. Squintum, what
will this world come to!
Well, to be sure, 'tis a sin
and a shame, that a holy man,
a man full of faith and of the Spi-
rit, should be expos'd to prophane
scoffers upon that wicked stage! I
always look'd upon the stage as a bad
place; but now 'tis become altogether
B abominable.

abominable. 'Tis very hard, upon my word, that a poor pains-taking woman can't follow a little business, but she must be made the town-talk, and be exhibited to the public by a prophane... Why this is almost as bad as standing in the pillory!

Mr. SQUINTUM.

All this we must suffer for righteousness sake; every Christian must expect to meet with persecution and severe trials: The great apostle of the Gentiles suffered all this, and much more. But 'tis not the vain babbling of worldly-minded men that grieves me: I am grieved to think that this may hurt the righteous cause, and lead into error many souls, whom I hoped to bring over to the way of truth; they will now become profelites to vanity, whom I hoped to gain over to the true faith.

Mrs.

Mrs. COLE.

Mr. Squintum, your complaint is but too just; the prophane wit of the stage will lead many astray like lost sheep: Such wickedness will, I am afraid, bring a judgment upon the nation. The world is as bad now as it was at the time of the deluge; there are none that do good, no not one; all flesh have corrupted its ways; and, though the world need not apprehend a second deluge, I am very much afraid that it will soon be consumed by fire and brimstone.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Why, Mrs. Cole, you seem to have forgot what I have so often inculcated to you....afraid! Why, those that have a true faith can never be afraid of any thing. The age, I own, is sinful; but, I hope, the day of judgment is still far enough off. But, let it come when it will, the faithful may be sure of salvation; for man is saved by faith alone, and not by the works of the law. Come,

Mrs. Cole, these apprehensions prove that you are righteous over-much; but, in order to remove your scruples, I'll preach next Sunday upon these words, *Be not righteous over-much*: At present, I should be glad to know how Miss Ogle stands affected.

Mrs. COLE.

Poor soul! she seems to lie under strong convictions, and, I think, there are good hopes of her conversion; but, sometimes, when I tell her how unnecessary good works are, and that faith alone will do, she seems to be startled. Mr. Squintum, I wish you would employ a little of your eloquence, in order to convince her of her error.... You're a well-spoken man, and your persuasions would have a much greater effect than mine. If you could but once get the better of her obstinacy, and open her eyes to the truth, I should find it an easy matter to open her eyes to her own interest and mine; but, alas! she
is

is headstrong, and does not know her own good.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Young people seldom do; they seek after idle vanities, and do not think of their Creator in the days of their youth. Mrs. Cole, a little of your sage advice may open her eyes to her temporal and eternal welfare, and make her wise unto salvation.

Mrs. COLE.

Mr. Squintum, you may depend upon it, that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to bring about her conversion; for, heaven knows, I have care and trouble enough upon my hands with my own house; the zeal of another house has eaten me up, and I'll do all I can to promote it, in spite of the hellish play-house.

Mr.

(6)

Mr. SQUINTUM.

May heaven second your good intentions. Farewel, Mrs. Cole.

(Exit Mr. Squintum.)

SCENE II.

Mrs. COLE, Mr. RAKISH.

Mr. RAKISH.

Well, mother, have you made a convert of Miss Ogle? Have you got the better of her prejudices of education, and convinced her that she may be saved without scrupulously adhering to the exploded rules of virtue, as 'tis called?

Mrs. COLE.

How can you talk so prophanely, son! but I excuse you; you are a young man, and the great work of regeneration requires some time. I have done my endeavours,

endeavours, and Mr. Squintum promises to second them. Well, to be sure, he is a dear man! I have done my weak endeavours to convince Miss Ogle, that we are fav'd by faith alone, and not by the works of the law.

Mr. RAKISH.

I have nothing to say to the works of the law, or to faith either; all I desire of you is to persuade Miss Ogle, that a good settlement entirely wipes off the disgrace of being a kept mistress.

Mrs. COLE.

Why, that's what I am preaching to her from morning till night; but Mr. Squintum's preaching will, I hope, prove more efficacious. Lord! I have heard him talk of the new birth, and the great change that is produced in us by the influence of grace, in such a manner, that I am convinced he must have experienced these things, in a much more extraordinary manner than ever I did; though, for some years past, I have

I raised

raised up my soul to heaven in daily ejaculations, and wrestled with the Lord from morning till night.

Mr. RAKISH.

'Tis a pity, a great pity, that women are not allow'd to preach at the tabernacle, as well as at Quaker's meetings! Upon my life, Mrs. Cole, you seem as well qualified to hold forth to a congregation of methodists, as Mr. Squintum himself.

Mrs. COLE.

Here comes Miss Ogle: I'll prepare her by a little spiritual exhortation for an interview with Mr. Squintum: He'll be here shortly, and I'll warrant he'll infuse good things into her.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mrs. COLE, Miss OGLE.

Mrs. COLE.

Miss Ogle, have you maturely considered what I have represented to you, that weak mortals should not be puffed up with self-righteousness, nor rely too much upon their own good works? It argues a want of faith, and by faith only we can expect to be saved.

Miss OGLE.

I am aware that we cannot be saved without faith; but all that you have said has not yet convinced me, and I can't but think a woman may be allowed to value herself upon her *vartue*.

Mrs. COLE.

Dr. Squintum will soon remove your scruples, and prove it to you as plain as

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the sun at noon day, that a woman that values herself upon her *vartue* can't have a true faith. Let Mr. Squintum alone for removing scruples; he has long since remov'd all mine! The prejudices of education had filled me with fears of damnation, and I thought I could not carry on my business with a safe conscience; but he prov'd, by such cogent arguments, that we are to be sav'd by faith, and not by the works of the law, that I was convinced, and my conscience has ever since been at ease. But here he comes: I'll leave you together, and heartily wish that Mr. Squintum may be an instrument to bring you over to the right way. Works are nothing; faith is every thing.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Mr. SQUINTUM, Miss OGLE.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Miss Ogle, I am informed by Mrs. Cole, that you have adopted the opinion of the papists, and that you are, in effect, a Roman Catholick?

Miss OGLE.

What, I a papist! No body in the world can be further from it! I can't bear the sight of a papist! I'd as soon turn mahometan as papist!

Mr. SQUINTUM.

And yet you admit one of their chief doctrines, the very doctrine that makes the capital distinction between the Romish and Protestant churches. You believe that men may be rais'd by their merit: Now this is the foundation upon which

the whole superstructure of popery is raised. The papists go so far as to think that they have merit enough, not only to insure their own salvation, but even to procure that of others. This notion has, alas! been embraced by too many protestants, and the vanity of men has made them rely upon their good works; they have been puffed up with self-righteousness and overweening pride, when, had they rightly understood the scriptures, they would have acknowledged themselves to be unprofitable servants. We are to be saved by faith alone, and not by the works of the law: 'Tis the express declaration of St. Paul: St. Paul was a rank methodist, and surely, surely, that consideration should preserve our sect from the imputation of novelty.

Miss OGLE.

Doctor, you are the best judge of these things; your arguments are convincing; I am beginning to think,
 5 that

that I have been all my life in error:
But 'tis no wonder; I have often heard
women prais'd for their vartue, and so I
thought that a woman could not go to
heaven without vartue.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

An idle notion! Virtue rather puffs
up women with pride, and divests them
of that humility which is the distinguish-
ing characteristic of a Christian. I am
glad to see, however, that there are
some hopes of your regeneration; but
the new birth is a work of great im-
portance, and requires time and frequent
religious meditation: You must have
daily and hourly recourse to a person,
with whom I am very well acquainted,
who rewards all that seek him dili-
gently, and will turn your steps aside
from the bye paths of heresy into the
high road of grace and salvation.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mr. SQUINTUM, Mrs. COLE,
Miss OGLE.

Mrs. COLE.

Mr. Squintum, I'm afraid you are hoarse by this time: Come into the next room, and take a glass of something: There's a bowl of warm punch upon the table; or, if you chuse wine, thank God, we never want for the best of wine here....no, no; though I say it, I keep as good a house as any within the precinct of Covent-Garden.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Mrs. Cole, I accept your offer: We have laboured hard in the vineyard,
and

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and must refresh ourselves: Congratulate Miss Ogle; she begins to give ear to my arguments, and I see a dawning of her conversion.

The End of the first Act.



ACT.

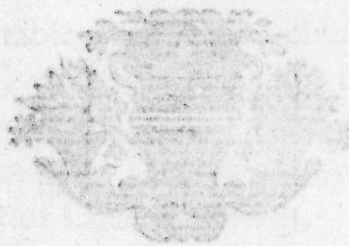
and must refresh ourselves: Congratulate
late Miss Ogles, she begins to give
out to my arguments, and I see a dawn-
ing of her conversion.

SCENE II.

MR. QUINCY, MR. GLE.

MR. GLE.

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT.
4 AP 54



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *an Alehouse.*

Mr. RANTER, SCRUPLE *the Tobaccoist*, CHEATWELL *the Grocer*, FEEBLE *the Haberdasher*, sitting at a Table over a Pot of Porter, with Pipes, Tobacco, &c.

Mr. RANTER.

GENTLEMEN! blast that Squintum! I can call him nothing but Squintum now; that Squintum's a meer pickpocket; he's nothing else, demme. I'll tell you what hap-

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pen'd

pen'd to him t'other day: He wanted money, (for he's always wanting money) so he went to the sugar-boiler's wife opposite to my shop; so he exhorted her, and exhorted her, and, devil take me, for his exhortations were of such force, that the woman broke open her husband's scrutore, and rob'd him of forty guineas: She gave the forty guineas to the doctor; but her husband, when he miss'd them, immediately suspected how they went; and by threatening, or one way or another, he got his wife to own the truth, and forc'd her to make affidavit before a justice of peace, that she had given the money to this Dr. Squintum: So the justice sent for the doctor, and told him, that, if he did not refund the money, he'd commit him to Newgate, for receiving it, knowing it to be stolen: So, as soon as the doctor heard that, he paid down the forty guineas upon the nail.

Mr.

Mr. SCRUPLE.

By the Lord he was serv'd rightly enough; he talks always of faith, but he loves money as well as any ten of them all.

Mr. FEEBLE.

His love of money brings him into many a scrape: He once got a sum of money from a butcher's wife: I know the man very well: She rob'd her husband of the money; but, demme, the butcher was even with Dr. Squintum: He did not make a noise or a disturbance about it, but invited Dr. Squintum to sup with him: So the doctor came, and a very good supper they had. Well, the doctor was at last going to take his leave; but the butcher swore he should not stir till he had return'd the money that he had had from his wife; so, demme, the doctor was obliged, at last, to return the money, and pay for the supper to boot.

Mr. CHEATWELL.

Faith, he was very rightly served; he's a publick nuisance; he turns the womens heads by talking to them of regeneration and the new birth, and so makes them pick their husband's pockets.

Mr. RANTER.

Then he receives vast sums, that he tells his congregation are to be distributed in charity; but, faith, the poor get but little of the money. Sir, when he wants to levy a sum upon his congregation, he tells them, in a canting strain, there are four poor widows here in the tabernacle that stand in need of your assistance; he that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, or some such cant; but, when he has got the money, I'll warrant, he keeps a good portion of it for himself.

Mr.

Mr. CHEATWELL.

Dem me, but 'tis a shame, that such
a hypocritical r-g-e should ride in his
coach, when so many honest men walk
a foot.

Mr. RANTER.

By heaven, none but r-g-es thrive
now a-days.

Mr. FEEBLE.

Why, that's true for you, and more's
the pity.

Mr. CHEATWELL.

If it was not for women and fools,
Dr. Squintum would never have made
the fortune he has done. I wish I were
to see him come near my wife, by the
Lord, if he did, I'd give him such a
supper, that he should remember me all
his life.

Mr.

Mr. RANTER.

Well, there are some hopes that his credit is upon the decline: I'm inform'd that many of his followers begin to desert him; but 'tis growing late: Here, landlord, what is to pay?

LANDLORD.

I'll let you know in a minute, Sir.

(Exit Landlord.)

Mr. FEEBLE.

The landlord looks like a follower of the doctor.

Mr. RANTER.

He is not; if he was I would not use his house.

(Re-enter Landlord.)

LANDLORD.

Sir, there's two shillings in all.

Mr. RANTER.

There's your money.

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(Exeunt omnes.)

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Dr. SQUINTUM, Mrs. COLE.

Mrs. COLE.

Well, doctor! to be sure you are a fine spoken man. Miss Ogle begins to give ear to your arguments, and, I hope, her conversion is not far off. Put the last hand to it, doctor, and you will not only secure her eternal welfare, but promote your own temporal interest and mine. Mr. Rakish is a generous man, and will liberally recompence you, if, by bringing about her conversion, you remove the only obstacle to his desires: Then I am to have five hundred pounds for her m--d--h--d.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

'Tis a righteous cause, and I'll spare no pains to promote it. But here comes Miss Ogle; retire, I will soon remove all her scruples, by urging my most irrefragable argument.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Dr. SQUINTUM, Miss OGLE.

Dr. SQUINTUM.

In my former conferences with you, I think, I prov'd fully, that good works are entirely unnecessary to salvation; at present I'll do something more: I'll prove that good works are not only useless, but pernicious. Come, come, don't be frightened. I'm going now to let you into the grand secret of methodism: The greater sins you commit, the greater glory do you give, the mediation being rendered meritorious in proportion to the offences.

Miss OGLE.

Doctor, I find my conviction grow stronger and stronger, and hope to become shortly a compleat methodist.

Dr.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Keep the example of Mrs. Cole before your eyes; she is a pious woman, and minds the one thing needful, though she is, at the same time, perplexed about many things. Poor Woman! she has a great deal of business upon her hands; yet she does not neglect the duties of piety. You will edify by her conversation, and she will help you to put on the armour of faith.

Miss OGLE.

To be sure she's a pious woman; without her I should never have had any notion of the new birth.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Then you are more indebted to her than to your parents, to whom you owe your existence; for we must be born a second time: Pray therefore incessantly for regeneration; for, if you do not become a new creature, you cannot hope

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to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in paradise.

Miss OGLE.

I begin already to enjoy a foretaste of the comforts of the new birth, and I am convinced, from my own feelings, that the power of faith is all-sufficient, and that good works tend only to derogate from its efficacy, and to puff up mortals with pride.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

May heaven keep you steady in these good dispositions! I shall preach a thanksgiving sermon next Sunday upon this solemn occasion, and an hymn shall be composed on purpose, and sung, in order to celebrate this extraordinary conversion.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Mr. SQUINTUM, Mrs. COLE,
Miss OGLE.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Sister in the faith, my endeavours, by the assistance of the Lord, have been rendered successful: Miss Ogle now holds the faith in the unity of spirit; she is become, as one of us, a compleat methodist, and soon will her faith be known, by the fruits which it will bring forth.

Mrs. COLE.

Thank heaven for operating this conversion, and making me, though a sinful and unworthy creature, in some degree, instrumental in it.

Miss OGLE.

My first thanks I return to heaven for
affording me the influence of the Spirit;
the next to the pious doctor and to you.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Let us retire, and, falling on our
knees, in prayer return thanks to.....

Mrs. COLE.

No, doctor, 'tis more fit you should
now take a little refreshment; your
spirits must be exhausted. I have or-
dered a bowl of punch in the next room,
and Rebecca Grunt, our sister in the
faith, is come to take share of it.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Verily, thou seemest to speak by the
Spirit. Thy advice is good; the bodily
strength requires to be recruited: Wine
was given to strengthen man's heart,
and oil to make him have a chearful
countenance.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE

SCENE V.

Mrs. COLE, Mr. RAKISH.

Mrs. COLE.

Well, to be sure, Mr. Squintum is an eloquent man; he has work'd the conversion of Miss Ogle, whose regeneration was almost desperate. Well, he will have his reward above!

Mr. RAKISH.

You shall have your reward upon earth, if you can prevail on Miss Ogle to comply with my desire; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush; a reward in this world much better than a reward in the next.

Mrs. COLE.

Lord, Mr. Rakish! how prophanely you talk! Well, well, you may become regenerate for all this.

Mr.

Mr. RAKISH.

Regenerate! Why the doctor has quite turn'd your head; however, I'm something of a methodist myself: I have not the least apprehension of being damn'd, though I indulge myself in the full gratification of all my passions.

Mrs. COLE.

You must not talk in this prophane stile to Miss Ogle; it would spoil all: She has clos'd with your terms; but she would never have done it, if I had not found means to persuade her that you are a methodist.

Mr. RAKISH.

I'll warrant you, I'll act the part as well as ever it was acted at the Hay-market. I could, upon an occasion, preach a methodistical sermon, as well as Dr. Squintum himself.

Mrs.

Mrs. COLE.

This is downright blasphemy. You preach as well as Dr. Squintum! Why, the doctor is an angel of a man! The first time I ever heard him preach, I was absolutely astonished at the doctrine he deliver'd, and own'd I had never heard such a man in my life.

Mr. RAKISH.

Here he comes.... Talk of the devil...

S C E N E VI.

Mrs. COLE, Mr. RAKISH,
Mr. SQUINTUM.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

Sister in the faith, Miss Ogle makes a daily progress in grace; and now the great work of regeneration seems to be almost compleat.

Mrs. COLE.

I heartily rejoice thereat; but still you have another prosylite to make: This gentleman lies under strong convictions,
and

and a little more of your assistance may bring him into the way of truth.

Mr. RAKISH.

Oh! Mrs. Cole, the doctor need not give himself that trouble; I'm already a convinc'd methodist: I look upon good works as altogether unnecessary, and have not the least doubt but I shall be saved.

Mr. SQUINTUM.

This is an approach to methodism; but your conviction is not yet compleat: However, I don't despair of it.... Regeneration is not the work of a day.

Mr. RAKISH.

Regeneration will come fast enough, I'll warrant; but all this while I forget Miss Ogle.... I'll run to her directly.... Her spiritual advice will sooner work my conversion than all the doctor's eloquence.

To lead a sinner to the paths of truth,
From folly to reclaim a vicious youth,
The preacher's efforts ever will prove faint;
So hard a task requires a female faint.

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F I N I S.

